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THE *Nineteenth Century* for November has an interesting resume of the struggles for recognition of those women who chose to adopt the medical profession in the Mother Country; struggles which have ended after twelve years of uphill work and discouragement in the establishment of a Woman's Medical College in the capital of each of the three kingdoms.

For this country similar facilities have been obtained in less time and through much less trouble, and women have every desirable opportunity to work out their own salvation in any and every line of the surgical art. But while we have such privileges we are wanting in any prohibitory clause to prevent the incapable or unfit from rushing into the profession and bringing discredit

upon all its members. As the writer of the article mentioned, points out, the danger is not now from without, but rather from within. Among women as among men there are too many who adopt the profession merely for its financial benefits, and without a proper realization of the responsibilities imposed, who go through their College curriculum only because it is compulsory, and with shut eyes to every other object than to pass; who halt at every item not likely to be used in examination, and who greedily rush into practice when these are passed, only regretting that they could not have received their degrees by "compend" knowledge in half the time.

The want of general education among medical men has often been deplored with good cause, and the sooner there is a higher standard of matriculation, or a compulsory B.A. course, the better for humanity. True, in this country there is no deflecting from the full course of four years, and we are yet saved the affliction of bought degrees and doctors made by a smattering of medical phrases accumulated in a course of one or two years. But even so the difference between what is and what might be appeals to every intelligent person and to none more than to the best members of the profession itself.

That there should be some tribunal of education or certain regulations based on moral grounds to prevent undesirable persons entering a profession so nearly concerning every individual, seems apparent. If this applies to men it applies equally to women, for what could be said of the harm possible

for a woman who entered the practice of medicine without a clear and emphatic determination to walk in legitimate and conscientious paths only, or who controverted the very *raison d'être* of her degree by pursuing her professional gains irrespective of sex. As the writer in the *Nineteenth Century* puts it: "Unless the whole principle of medical legislation is wrong, the practice of medicine by imperfectly educated persons is always to be most earnestly deprecated; but in the present case the special sting of the injury depends on this, that when disastrous results follow, as they are sure to do from such reckless intrusion into posts of the deepest responsibility, the blame of the consequent fatalities will be laid, not on the shameful imperfection of education in individual cases, which probably will not be known as realized by the public, but on the sex of the persons who are thus justly blamed; and it will be said that the victims fell a sacrifice not to the exceptional and criminal ignorance of the individual, but to the mistaken idea of the practice of medicine *by women*."

EVIDENCE as to the existence of man in various parts of the world at a very remote period has been gradually accumulating of late years, until now there seems to be little room left for doubt as to his presence not only as far back as the Glacial epoch, but though the Glacial epoch to the Pliocene period. Taking the whole of the evidence collected up to the present, anthropologists, with geological aid, have been able to trace with remarkable continuity the presence of man on the earth during all the long interval between the Pliocene period and the present time. As might be expected the evidence decreases quantitatively as we go back, but what we do possess seems qualitatively reliable. In this as in other matters resting on geological testimony, America, though possessing the briefest historical

record, may claim the remotest geological record which has yet been discovered; for it is in America that the chief, if not the only, evidence of man's pre-glacial presence has been found. Even at this remote period however the representatives of humanity, who shared with extinct elephants, mastodons, deer and horses the life of our broad American plains, were not mere anthropoid apes but savages with some slight pretensions to artistic skill, and, if not then yet at a not very much later date, making use of fire. These discoveries will doubtless have the effect of increasing the number of intelligent clergymen who frankly accept the general theory of Evolution, which cannot be denied to be growing more certain every year, though varying somewhat in details owing to the acquisition of more perfect knowledge. Obviously the interpretation of the Mosaic record of creation which has been applied to harmonize it with Geology will also harmonize it with Evolution. On this point a great many theologians have been strangely inconsistent, admitting a gradual process in the perfection of the earth and some of its inhabitants, but maintaining an absolute and final creation in the case of man. Thus one interpretation is put upon the first five days of creation and a totally different upon the sixth. Of course, to a theologian who regards the world and all that it contains as inert matter created and moved from without, the revelations of Geology and Biology must come with destruction in their wake; but to one who recognizes that intelligence, and that alone, must be the central principle of existence they come as welcome additions to the store of knowledge, and as bringing an ordering principle into chaos. The great difficulty between Science and Theology rests on neither scientific nor theological grounds, but finds its *raison d'être* in the fact that the theologian accepts the bad metaphysics of the

scientist and yet refuses to admit the conclusions to which he is thereby brought. Yet if we take the science of the scientist and leave his metaphysics alone there is nothing in it which is unwholesome.

NOW when nature's verdure has departed for a season and all the outward landscape is bleak and cold and barren, that dry and leafless shrub, the Literary Society, which has lain dormant all through the bright summer days, gathers its forces together, puts forth its fresh green leaves in all the subtle shades of the verdant and in a surprisingly short time we have a perfect deluge of blossom. Many a waste and desert place in society's domain is thus made to blossom as the rose. And yet there are some tracts in that same domain which are so waste and so barren that even the most insignificant kind of literary plant cannot find nourishment there. Now let it not be supposed that we are about to send a withering east wind of criticism among the tender shoots of this literary growth. Far be it from us to do that. Rather would we expose our own pages to the biting blast, if by so doing we could ward off destruction from the fair field, or shelter one promising shoot. We are only too glad to see any signs of intellectual life among the people, and especially among society people. We trust, then, that our intentions will not be misunderstood if we venture to ease our mind of a few thoughts suggested by an observation of several distinct specimens of this variety of the tree of knowledge. Nothing is more natural than that the newly formed Literary Society, having as its object the study of good literature, should begin with the very highest and subtlest productions among the great masterpieces. Not unfrequently we may find one or two of these gone over and disposed of in a single evening. Now we have our doubts as to whether

much good is to be derived from an attempt at such high flights. Not more than a very few persons in an ordinary society can derive any real good from the study of the most difficult portions of literature, and those who could appreciate them would surely be the last to recommend them to beginners. We cannot help thinking, therefore, that in many cases the selection is the result of ignorance and will result in defeating the very aims of the society. The objects of the Literary Society we assume to be educational, and education must proceed from the simple to the more complex, whether it be for children or for adults. We are of opinion that more permanent good could be accomplished and more interest in literature awakened if those who direct our literary societies would accommodate their subjects to the capacities of the average member. None of the best members need suffer for lack of something original to say or some new points to discover in many a simple selection from a good author.

A SHORT time ago we had occasion to urge upon some of our students, not yet subscribers, the necessity of taking and paying for a copy of the JOURNAL. Strangely enough we were answered in the following manner: "Well there are two or three copies taken at our boarding house, and we find them quite sufficient to supply us with all the reading matter the JOURNAL usually contains." Now, let us place this answer in its true light and see what it really means. Of course we would not think of distorting these words into anything like an acknowledgement that there was a single student in our University so dependent as to desire reading matter at another's expense, or so parsimonious as to grudge giving a dollar for the JOURNAL. We have the highest opinion possible of the prevalence of College spirit among our students, and far be it from us

to accuse any of the boys of mean or unworthy motives. Hence we shall have to look elsewhere for the cause which leads so many of our students to take no further interest in the JOURNAL than that manifested in getting a copy by hook or by crook for the sole purpose of scanning its contents. The real cause I believe to be a misunderstanding of the relation which should exist between the student and his college paper.

It might, therefore, be in place to say here and now that our JOURNAL is not published by a joint stock company, and then forced before the public for their recognition and support. It is published by ourselves, the students of Queen's University, and should to the very largest extent possible be supported by ourselves. Our aim is to make Queen's College JOURNAL second to no other College periodical, and this can only be done when each and every student in Arts, Medicine and Theology is willing to shoulder his part of the responsibility. The first and most obvious way to recognize this responsibility is for every student to take and pay for at least one copy of the JOURNAL. In doing this the student should have three objects in view. In the first place he is anxious to see the JOURNAL on a good financial footing and so contributes his dollar. In the second place he wishes to find out "What they are saying," also to know the latest under the head of "De Nobis Nobilibus," as well as to read the many spicy articles and vigorous editorials usually found in our JOURNAL. While in the third place he is eager to let outsiders know the quality of work done at Queen's, and so after reading the JOURNAL himself he folds it up, places a one cent stamp upon it and mails it to a brother, sister, mother, father, or perchance to some other fellow's sister. Of course, this student whom I have in my mind's eye knows the influence of good literature and so does not take the JOURNAL merely for his

own little self. He is loyal to good old Queen's.

The Mahomedans are said to have a habit of writing God's name upon small slips of paper and then scattering these slips to the winds to be borne far and near. They expect by this means to extend the influence of their religion, to gather in more followers to their prophet Mahomet. Let us apply this Mahomedan practice in a modified form to our JOURNAL, by filling it with the most cultured and ennobling ideas and then scattering it far and wide over this fair Dominion of ours. There is not a shadow of doubt that if each student were to follow out this plan in connection with our JOURNAL the University would be immensely benefited, for the public at large would come to know many things about Queen's of which they are now in comparative ignorance.—Yours, etc., ALMA MATER.

THE Jubilee Fund has reached \$225,000, Daily the Cairn is being added to, and the top-stone should be placed on it by some true man or woman as a New Year's gift to Queen's. The difficulty, however, will be, in all probability, with the last ten or fifteen thousand, unless the principal is reserving "a trot for the avenue." Why should not the students "line up" for the final rush? Here is a case that shows what they can do, when so disposed: Hastings Macfarlane left for Dundas last month, to remain there till after the Christmas holidays. Learning that no one had given the people of his native place the privilege of contributing, he took with him a subscription list and some literature which the Registrar placed at his disposal and set to work. Result already: the Dundas list stands at \$1,050. Moral: Go thou and do likewise, as Dr. Williams said, in an address to graduates, on hearing that one had died and left his all to the University.

POETRY.

MORTALITY.

YES, nature studied makes us see,
That earthly lives must have an end,
And sends our thoughts with mystic wend
Asearching in infinity.

Our spirit wails but for the time,
When separated from its clay,
To bound into that untrod way
That leads to the Celestial chime.

We see decay on every hand,
And ancient ruins teach us this :
That coming ages will not miss
Our cities buried 'neath the sand.

Though what is earthly soon is fled,
Though mortal bodies soon decay,
And nations live but for a day
Are born to bury their own dead.

Yet, though men die, their spirits live ;
The thoughts of nations passed away
Are combed by people of to-day,
And many a useful lesson give.

—POLLUX.

THE VIRTUES.

TRUTH and honour interlace,
Part of one harmonious whole,
All the virtues fain must grace,
Otherwise imperfect soul.
Honesty supposes truth,
As it does fidelity,
Self-restraint must grace a youth,
Or no generosity.
Caution must with courage strive,
And with hospitality,
Courtesy must sure abide ;
Such is nature's fixed decree,
Love of kindred must be there,
All without it counts for naught ;
Reverence for the father bear,
Mother's love it dieth not,
Patience goes with industry,
Kindness needs must perfect love,
Providential all should be,
Obedient all to those above.
But perfection cannot be
In a race of sinful men.
Once from sin the race was free,
And it will be so again.
Though mankind imperfect be,
Still one virtue in excess
Tends to temper those we see
Lacking perfect loveliness.

POLLUX.

* LITERARY. *

PRINCIPAL GRANT.

(From the Week.)

IN an age too prone to rank mere material good above the higher well-being of man, it is well for Canada that she can claim in Principal Grant a representative Canadian—representative at least of her higher, purer, and more generous life. The Principal of Queen's University is emphatically what the late editor of the *Century* magazine once styled him—"a strong man," having that union of diverse qualities that constitutes strength. He comes of the fine old Celtic stock which, when its intensity and enthusiasm are blended with an infusion of Anglo-Saxon breadth, energy and common sense, has produced not a few of the leaders of men. He is a native of the county of Pictou, Nova Scotia, somewhat remarkable for the number of eminent men it has already produced. His patriotic and passionate love for his country in all her magnificent proportions is one of his leading traits, and has much the same influence on his mind which the love of Scotland had on that of Burns, when, in his generous youth, he desired, for her dear sake, to "sing a sang at least," if he could do no more.

Principal Grant's early days were passed in a quiet country home, amid the influences of nature, to which he is strongly susceptible. He was led by circumstances, and doubtless by that "divinity that shapes our ends," to study for the ministry, and won honourable distinction in his preliminary course at the seminary. His studies were pursued chiefly at Glasgow University, where he came under the strong personal influence and inspiration of the high-souled and large-hearted Norman McLeod, whom in some of his characteristics he strangely resembles. While a student in Glasgow he became a labourer in the mission work carried on amid the degraded inhabitants of its closes and wynds, gaining there an insight into life and character which has been most valuable to him in fitting him for his later work among men. He did not remain long in Scotland, however, for though the beauty and culture of the land of his fathers had many attractions for him, he felt that to Canada his heart and his duty called him. He ministered for a time to the quiet country charge of Georgetown, in Prince Edward Island, from which he was soon called to the pastorate of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, one of the oldest congregations in the Dominion. His gifts as a pulpit orator were soon recognized. The force, directness, and reality of his preaching strongly attracted to him thoughtful young men, who found in him one who could understand their own difficulties, and who never gave them a "stone" for the "bread" they craved. His charge grew and prospered, and a new church was built during his pastorate. His ministerial relations were so happy that it was a real pain when a voice that he could not resist called him to another sphere.

When his friend and parishioner, Mr. Sandford

Fleming, was about to start on a surveying expedition for the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway he accompanied the party for a much-needed holiday. The novel experiences of the long canoe journey, through what was then a "great lone land" with unknown capabilities, strongly impressed his own imagination, and were communicated to thousands of readers through the hastily-written but graphic pages of *From Ocean to Ocean*. This glimpse of the extent and grandeur of the national heritage of Canadians—the fit home of a great people—made him still more emphatically a Canadian, and gave him a still stronger impulse and more earnest aim to use all the powers he possessed to aid in moulding the still plastic life of a young nation born to such privileges and responsibilities.

The popularity attained by the publication of *From Ocean to Ocean* called attention to Principal Grant as a writer, and though his time and strength have been too much taxed in other fields to leave him leisure for much literary labour, his vivid and forceful style has made him a welcome contributor to Canadian and American periodical literature, as well as to *Good Words* and the *Contemporary Review*. Several articles of his in the *Century* magazine have given American readers some idea of the extent and grandeur of the Canadian Pacific. His happy associations with the inception of this enterprise, and repeated visits during its progress, have given him an almost romantic interest in an achievement worthy of the "brave days of old." If in the judgment of some he seems to exaggerate its utility, and to lose sight of serious drawbacks and evils which have become connected with an enterprise too heavy for the present resources of the country, the explanation is to be found in the fascination which, to his patriotic heart, invests a work that connects the extremities of our vast Canadian territory and helps to unite its far scattered people.

It need hardly be said that Principal Grant heartily rejoiced over the confederation of the Canadian provinces, or that he has always been a warm supporter of its integrity, and a staunch opponent of every suggestion of dismemberment. He thinks it not all a dream that this young, sturdy "Canada of ours" should indeed become the youngest Anglo-Saxon nation, working out for herself an individual character and destiny of her own on the last of the continents where such an experiment is practicable. It is his hope that such a nation might grow up side by side with the neighbouring republic and in the closest fraternal relations with it, free to mould its life into the form most useful and natural and therefore most enduring, but yet remaining a member of the great British commonwealth, bound to it by firm though elastic bonds of political unity, as well as by unity of tradition, thought and literature. This hope and belief makes him a warm supporter of Imperial federation—a scheme which he thinks full of promise, both for Great Britain herself and for her scattered colonies, as well as for the world at large, in which such a federation might be a

potent influence, leading possibly to a still greater Anglo-Saxon federation. To such a consummation his wide and catholic sympathies would give a hearty God-speed. But he believes intensely that, in order to secure a noble destiny, there must be a noble and healthy political life, and that for this there must be a high and healthy tone of public opinion, a pure and lofty patriotism. And this he earnestly seeks to promote so far as in him lies.

The following stirring words recently published in the *Mail* are a good illustration of the spirit in which he seeks to arouse Canadians to their responsibilities: "Duty demands that we shall be true to our history. Duty also demands that we shall be true to our home. All of us must be Canada-first men. O, for something of the spirit that has animated the sons of Scotland for centuries, and that breathes in the fervent prayer, 'God save Ireland,' uttered by the poorest peasant and the servant girl far away from green Erin! Think what a home we have. Every province is fair to see. Its sons and daughters are proud of the dear natal soil. Why then should not all taken together inspire loyalty in souls least capable of patriotic emotion! I have sat on blocks of coal in the Pictou mines, wandered through glens of Cape Breton and around Cape North, and driven for a hundred miles under apple blossoms in the Cornwallis and Annapolis valleys. I have seen the glory of our Western mountains, and toiled through passes where the great cedars and Douglas pines of the Pacific slope hid sun and sky at noonday, and I say that, in the four thousand miles that extend between, there is everything that man can desire, and the promise of a mighty future. If we cannot make a country out of such materials it is because we are not true to ourselves; and if we are not we are sure our sins will find us out."

All narrow partisanship he hates, and every kind of wire-pulling and corruption he most emphatically denounces, whether the purchase be that of a vote, a constituency, or a province. The evils inflicted on the country by the virulence of blind party spirit he has again and again exposed, with a frankness that finds no favour from the thorough-going partisans of either side. During the last election his voice and pen urged on all whom he could reach the honest discharge of the most sacred trust of citizenship, the paramount duty of maintaining political purity—of opposing, as an insult to manhood itself, every approach to bribery, direct or indirect. Nor were his eloquent appeals to conscience quite in vain. Some elections at least were in some degree the purer because, leaving the beaten track to which some preachers too often confine themselves, he followed the example of the old Hebrew prophets in denouncing the moral evils that threaten to sap the public conscience, and seeking at a public crisis, to uphold the "righteousness that exalteth a nation."

In 1877 Principal Grant was called from his pastorate at Halifax, to take the responsible office of Principal of Queen's University, Kingston. It was no sinecure that

was offered him, and considerations of personal happiness and comfort would have led him to decline the call. But the University had urgent need of just such a man to preside over its interests, and he could not refuse what he felt a call of duty. The institution was passing through a financial crisis, and it was imperatively necessary that it should be at once placed on a secure basis, with a more satisfactory equipment. Principal Grant threw himself into his new work with characteristic energy, and his great talent for organization and comprehensive plans soon made itself felt. It is mainly due to his counsels and efforts that the University has been able to lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes, as in the last ten years she has done. His eloquence stirred up the city of Kingston to provide a beautiful and commodious building to replace her former cramped and inconvenient habitation. But the gifts that he secured for her treasury were of less account than the stimulus imparted to the college life by his overflowing vitality and enthusiasm—a stimulus felt alike by professors and students. The attendance of the latter largely increased, and the high aims and ideals of the Head of the University could not fail to have their influence on all its grades, down to the youngest freshman. He has always treated the students not as boys, but as *gentlemen*, seeking to lead rather than to coerce, and under his sway there has been no need of formal discipline.

The application of female students for admission to the University led him to grant their request without reluctance or hesitation, from a conviction that public educational institutions should be open to the needs of the community as a whole, and, in supplying these, know no demarcations of sex. Without taking any special part in the movement for the "Higher Education of Women,"—he believes that every individual who desires a thorough mental training should have the opportunity of procuring it. He has a firm faith in the power of the ineradicable laws of human nature to prevent any real confusion of "spheres," and believes that it is as beneficial to the race as to the individual, that each should receive the fullest training and development of which he or she is susceptible.

On the subject of University federation Principal Grant has maintained a strongly conservative attitude. He believes firmly in the wisdom of respecting historic growth and continuity of organization, and in the salutary influence of honorable traditions on institutions as well as countries. He deprecates extreme centralisation, as narrowing the scope of education for the many, even though raising its standard for the few. He thinks that for Canada, as for Scotland and the United States, several distinct universities, each with its own individuality and *esprit de corps*, will prove most useful in the end; and that Queen's University, for the good work she has done and the high position she has maintained, deserves to preserve her continuous historic life. Heartily endorsed in this position by the trustees and graduates of the uni-

versity, he has set himself vigorously to the task of raising by voluntary subscription such an endowment as shall give it an assured position for the future, in the face of the growing needs of higher education in Canada. Probably no other man would have dared such a task, but that he will carry it to a successful completion few can doubt who know the man and the magnetic power over men of his cheery and resolute spirit.

Principal Grant has since his appointment acted as Professor of Divinity also. His prelections in the classroom, like his preaching, are characterised by breadth of thought, catholicity of sympathy, and vividness of presentation. He has instituted a series of Sunday afternoon services for the University, conducted sometimes by himself or other professors, sometimes by eminent preachers from other places and of different denominations. These are much appreciated, not only by the professors and students, but also by a large class of the thoughtful citizens of Kingston, to whom—though many admirable sermons are preached there—none are more welcome than the Principal himself. As a preacher he is marked by simplicity, directness, earnestness and force. For "fine writing" and rhetorical and finished periods he has no admiration, and aims instead at the direct conversational style for which he has the highest of all examples. He is not afraid of plain speaking, and prefers direct appeals to heart and conscience to theological disquisitions. Valuing only that vital religion which is the root of right feeling and right action in daily life, he has no respect for a "profession" of faith without its fruits. As in the case of political sin, so he denounces social and individual sins with the same fearless freedom, believing that this is one of the preacher's most solemn duties. He strives not for *effect*, but for *effects*, and though he not infrequently rises into impassioned appeals, he aims rather at producing permanent conviction than temporary excitement. His moral influence on the community is somewhat analogous to that of the late Henry Ward Beecher in the neighbouring republic. He is always on the *side* of the generous and unselfish policy as against that of mere expediency, and he seeks to uphold the pursuit of a noble idea as infinitely better than that of mere material success. Many, especially of young Canadians, owe to him their perception of this truth, and some measure of inspiration from his enforcement of it, and from the example of a noble and unselfish life.

But while ever ready to promote with heart and hand any movement for the real good of humanity, he believes in no artificial panacea for evil. He holds that as this is radical, having its root in human selfishness, that power alone, which can change the natures of individuals, can in the long run change the condition of masses, and he believes that the only true light of a darkened world streams from the cross. "In this sign," all his efforts, all his teachings find their inspiration. To him it is the most real of all realities; and to make it such to others is the central aim and impulse of his life. His faith in

this, and in the duty of the Christian Church to fulfil her "marching orders," have made him a warm advocate for Christian missions, giving a catholic sympathy to all, of whatever name, who are seeking to plant among the heathen abroad what he holds to be the root of a true Christian civilization, or who are labouring by any method to humanise and Christianize the heathen at home. The narrowness of conventionality in religion is as repulsive to him as that of creed or ritual. He delights to own true brotherhood with all who "profess and call themselves Christians," and he looks and labours for the true spirit of unity in the Christian Church, which shall give it its true power in the world.

It is the inspiration of this faith and hope which has made his life so fruitful in power and inspiration, and will make him live in many hearts and lives when other men, as prominent now, shall be forgotten.—FIDELIS.

THE CRUISE OF THE GLEE CLUB.

(Concluded from our last number.)

THE journey to and from Delta was accomplished in a large waggon, which could comfortably seat one half the number, but by taking turns at sitting on one another Delta was reached safely. The audience here was not a very risable one. Indeed, the elocutionist of the club having recited the well known sermon on Mother Hubbard, which was received rather solemnly, found it necessary on appearing a second time on the program to inform them that "this time it is not a sermon I am about to deliver, and you may smile a little if you like." The performance on the vocophones seemed to encourage this sadness at some places. Very affecting music that of the vocophones.

We would like to recount a good joke that was practised here on a certain lady-killing senior, but we forbear. We have only three horse pistols, a year's notes in Junior Philosophy, and a rusty jackknife; so we daren't. After the concert and a supper, to which some kind friends treated the singers, a start was made for Newboro, which was reached about 2 a.m.

The drive from Delta to Newboro is a rather pretty one, the principal points in the surrounding scenery being milk cans, white dust and high, rocky cliffs, covered with verdure and "BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS." Practical use was made of the first-mentioned articles on the way home, and numerous and long were the stoppages—where there were no dogs around. One of the thirsty, half-asleep travellers, while struggling with a huge milk can, accidentally and not to his own knowledge tipped a pail of ice water, which had been set in the milk for the purpose of keeping it cool. He only tasted the mixture, then said something—we really think it was "What in thun—?"—and climbed back into the van a considerably perplexed and disgusted individual. At any rate he didn't tackle any more cans on that trip.

The next day the club proceeded on their yacht to Westport, where they gave their concert in the evening

to a very large and appreciative audience, and were hospitably entertained over night by the villagers.

Leaving Westport on Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, after a very beautiful and enjoyable sail Smith's Falls was reached about noon, and at 5 p.m. the boys left by the C.P.R. for Carleton Place. Here, as in other places, the club met with a hearty welcome, and they thoroughly enjoyed their stay in the town. Next morning the boys again boarded the train and soon reached Almonte, where they were met by P. C. McGregor, B.A., one of our esteemed graduates and principal of the Almonte High School, under whose auspices the club gave their concert that evening. He was also ably assisted by a phalanx of scholars, consisting principally of young ladies. These latter soon swooped down on the unsuspecting youths, and, having captured a number of them, led them to their several homes and carefully looked after them during their stay in the town. A splendid audience, the best the club had on their tour, turned up at the beautiful new town hall that evening, and this so inspired and enthused the singers that during the evening they kept their hearers in perpetual roars of laughter and applause, while between the pieces of the programme the exuberant students frantically turned somersaults or stood on their heads in the dressing room in order to give vent to their overflowing spirits.

The scene next day at the station, on the occasion of the club's departure for Smith's Falls, was too interesting a one to be passed over in silence. Here stood a group of particularly fascinating students energetically flirting with a few fair admirers, while not far away the sides were reversed, and this time the boys were the captives of their charming entertainers. Occasionally, in a quiet, retired spot, a couple would be discovered seated contentedly side by side having a confidential chat, and in sight of the station, up and down a quiet street, some fortunate students would be seen promenading slowly with their new and very interesting friends. The number of tears shed, of tokens of love interchanged, of all sorts of impossible vows uttered, and of handkerchiefs dissolved, cannot be estimated, but sure it was a hard parting. Why, so broken-hearted were the boys that all the way to Smith's Falls they sang but two glees, and didn't even destroy the conductor when he objected to their sitting with their feet out of the windows.

Sunday and Monday were spent in Smith's Falls, and here another old student of Queen's, J. R. Lavell, B.A., looked after the boys and neglected nothing that would make their visit a very pleasant one or minister to their comfort in any way. On Sunday evening, by request of the choir, the club led the singing in the Methodist Church in academic costumes. They behaved themselves all right. The concert on Monday evening was listened to by a very large and appreciative audience. We use the adjective large here in a peculiar sense, for what that audience lacked in quantity was fully made up in quality, for there was a tremendous lot of quality there.

Again boarding the yacht next afternoon a start was made for Merrickville, which was reached about 5 p.m. Here the boys were met by Donald Munro and Dr. A. J. Errett, who introduced them to their several abodes and helped to make their visit a pretty lively and enjoyable one. A good audience heard the club in the evening, the chair being taken by our friend and late graduate, Dr. Errett, who would have made a pretty fine speech at the close of the entertainment had it not been for a very inopportune "hear! hear!!" which drove the speaker to announce "God save the Queen" prematurely.

The yacht next day on her way to Kemptville met a broken lock, which effectually blocked the way for that day and compelled the club to return to Merrickville, where they hired conveyances and, without any tea, except some cakes, which a few charitable young ladies—bless their dear hearts—threw into the vehicle, drove to their destination, reaching there just in time to jump a fence, cross a graveyard, and enter the hall by 8 o'clock. After being kindly entertained over night, the boys hurried away on Thursday morning to Merrickville. That is to say, they hurried until they got into the waggons, when their speed became considerably modified. It would have been a good deal of fun for the reader had he been able to witness the laborious efforts of the travellers in trying to compel the horses to keep in the middle of the highway and cease from devouring the grass and small herbs by the wayside. Those animals seemed to think that the cart behind them was a new sort of steam plough, and their duty was merely to keep ahead of it. Merrickville was reached in fine style. Standing up in the vehicle was a sympathetic student engaged in supporting by the reins the drooping heads of the animated machines in front, while beside him an excited M.D. flourished the whip and yelled "Hi!!"

In front, tugging hard at the bridle, struggled two tired youths, and puffing away behind showed a muscular medico endeavouring to make the cart travel as fast as the rest of the equipage. In this way the lively stable was reached, and though the owner seemed mad, the boys were quite satisfied that they had adopted the best course, feeling assured that had they not done so they would most likely have spent next Christmas on the road.

The last concert of the series had been given, and with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction the club boarded the yacht, bidding an affectionate farewell to the kind and charming people of Merrickville, and then set out on the return trip to the limestone city. Running on that evening till 11 o'clock the lock at the Narrows was reached, and here preparations were made to spend the night on the little steamer. With a good deal of scientific packing and unscientific crowding a corner was found for every one in which—and in many cases painfully on which—the night was passed in comparative comfort. The comfort disappeared, however, about 4 a.m., when the yacht's cabin was invaded by myriads of blood-thirsty mosquitoes, which soon emptied the yacht

and filled the little dock with a set of wild, animated wind-mills. A convenient milk can in the shape of a cow being found near by, a good breakfast was indulged in, and a start made at 6 a.m.

Kingston was reached that afternoon about 5 o'clock, few incidents happening on the way. The few incidents were: First, the arrival of a letter to the professional lady charmer of the crowd, accompanied by several tender messages on lozenges from a very youthful admirer in Newboro; second, the consumption of these lozenges by every one but the gentleman interested, and the simultaneous consumption of the contents of the letter by the aforesaid interested gentleman; third, a slight collision with the bed of the river near Washburn's locks, and a consequent stoppage for repairs; and fourth, the remarkable sickness and recovery of a usually very healthy and hungry member of the club, resulting apparently from the consumption of one lozenge, which had unfortunately been doctored.

On Saturday afternoon, May 21, a business meeting of the club was held in the University buildings, where Mr. Harry Leask, the business manager, made his report and arranged the finances, after which the long-suffering and patient director, the dear little tenor, the dignified medical electionist with a long, black coat and lots of popularity, dear Evalena's young man, the parson who didn't ever know how to behave himself properly, the deutsche Bröder, the hungry man, the organ grinder, the chronically sad Bohemian and his junior comrade in tears and history, Bohmness, and the trusted treasurer who didn't abscond, all joined hands, and having thus sung "Auld Lang Syne" together, broke up for the summer thoroughly delighted with the success of their enterprise.

A LIMB OF THE LAW.

A LIMB of the law's work is not always continuous. Some days he has not a moment to spare from the time he reaches the office in the morning till he leaves it in the dusk of evening for his boarding house. On other days his principal's business is not quite as brisk, and he can find time to sit for hours gazing at the calendars, maps and other works of art which relieve the monotony of the wall in front of him. Usually, on these occasions of enforced leisure, there is so much noise being made about him that study is next to impossible. To pass the time he finds himself unconsciously reflecting on his changed state. He longs again to see the classic halls of his Alma Mater, but fate has environed him with the musty paraphernalia of a law-shop. Resigning himself to the force of circumstances, he undertakes to criticize the legal documents and tomes with which his chosen profession brings him in contact. He wonders where the authors of these interesting productions went to school, and if they were taught literature and grammar. He cannot understand why it is necessary, when a lawyer desires to express a fact, that he must needs hunt up all the adjectives, nouns and verbs that are applicable thereto

in a more or less remote degree, and string them all together; or why, as an introduction to his list of synonyms, he should necessarily place a selection of prepositions and adverbs. Thus he sees it written:—That a man may sue and be strol, implead and be impleaded, answer and be answered into; and also that he may be capable to have, hold, receive, enjoy, possess and retain; while he may, on the other hand, sell, grant, demise, alien or dispose of. And again, as when a party desires to take a general release of all demands, it is necessary to clothe it in words among others after the following:—That he assigns, remises, releases, and forever acquits and discharges, *of* and *from* all debts, sum and sums of money, accounts, reckonings, actions, suits, causes, and causes of action and suit, claims and demands whatsoever, either at law or in equity or otherwise howsoever, from the beginning of the world to the date of these presents. Is it any wonder, then, that the youthful limb feels sick at heart, that his head becomes dizzy, till he forgets whether he is reading a dictionary or Crab's synonymy instead of some simple legal instrument which his principal has given him to engross. Then, later on, who can imagine the anguish of that same limb, who perchance is a gold medalist in classics or an honour man in mathematics, when he takes the engrossment to his principal, whose substantial form has never entered the sacred portals of any college, let alone the meaner door of a high school, and instead of receiving thanks for his unremunerated labours from his plain matter of fact and withal conceited principal, receives a severe reprimand for the slovenly and illegible character of his writing. How are the mighty fallen, and where can we find words to describe the anguish of that classical soul. We had better, perhaps, relieve ourselves by quoting an appropriate paragraph on legal verbiage from Earl's Philology, which the learned author sarcastically indexes under the caption, *Law English*, to distinguish it from the Queen's English, with which he is better acquainted. He writes: "If we want to see lengthiness of language carried out to an extreme and exaggerated development, unsupported, moreover, and unbalanced by rhythm, we have only to read a legal document, such as a marriage settlement, or release of trust. Often whole lines are mere strings of words, till the reader's head swims with the fluctuations of the unstable element, and, like a man at sea, or in a balloon, he longs to plant his feet on *terra firma*." Then he gives an example, and ends with the remark:—"And so it goes floundering on, when it could almost all be said by a mere passive verb."

One of the first things a law student must do, after he has joined the Law Society, is to draw up his Articles of Clerkship. He is usually guided in this by some limb who has been through the mill before, and who procures him a book which contains the requisite form. With pen in hand he inscribes the words, inserting his own and his principal's names, and all goes well till he comes to a point when he finds that he must bind himself not

to cancel, obliterate, injure, spoil, destroy, waste, embezzle, spend or make away with, any of the books, papers, writings, documents, moneys, chattels or other property of the said principal; that he will be obedient and keep his secrets, and *shall* not go away without leave, and *will* be diligent, honest and sober. When he has thus read and written, we need not be at all surprised if he be shocked and on the horns of a great dilemma. He wonders whether he has not mistaken his calling, and asks himself why he should covenant not to be a thief and a drunkard, a liar and a scapegrace, a tell-tale and a nihilist. One of his first regrets is that he did not take a course in theology and study for the church. He thinks, he sees, that lawyers are a bad set, and that law students are worse, and so it is necessary to keep them from doing all the things above enumerated. While he is thus mentally wrestling with himself we will take our leave, with the remark that he soon becomes reconciled and finally develops into a full fledged Barrister and Solicitor.—POLLEX.

ECHOES FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THE Alma Mater battle has been fought and won. No longer the trembling aspirant is wasted by the intermittent fever of hope and chill of despair. The victors wear the palm of triumph, the vanquished retire into primeval obscurity. Everything has its day. So with the A. M. S. election. It is a thing of the past; yet its results affect the future, and we cannot afford to forget them nor to disregard the lessons they teach. The battle was bloodless and in general outline very much resembles those of previous years. The office of president having been filled by acclamation, the contest over the presidential election was obviated. In many respects this is to be regretted. A lively, well-contested election is, at all times, interesting. Next in order of interest, perhaps, was the contest for the vice-presidencies. The disciples of Æsculapius, with their old time vigor, returned their candidature by a splendid majority. In addition, they sandwiched themselves below even the Arts' candidates and successfully held the balance of power. But this is a way they have at the Royal. The struggle over the other officers of the society was well sustained all round. Those who were fortunate enough to successfully invoke Lens's aid and to enjoy the sunshine of his favor ultimately prevailed, and the misty uncertainty of the morning gave place to the clear, hard facts of election returns. The farewell addresses of retiring officers and defeated candidates, the acknowledgments of victors, and the plaudits of enthusiastic supporters were quite up to the mark, and were eclipsed only by the sublime incantations of the Sophomore oracle. The march of triumph, the conflict of powers and the midnight ovation to the victors we pass.

That the officers of the Society are the choice of the electors no one will attempt to deny. That they are

endowed with all those peculiar gifts and graces necessary for sustaining the dignity and effective management of such an important adjunct of our University time alone will determine. It is gratifying to observe the increased interest the students of the Royal College are manifesting in the affairs of the Society. Let us hope that this infusion of new blood may give new vigor and tone to the life of our society. If the past may promise for the future we may look for livelier times in our A. M. S. meetings. Let every officer and every student be at his post. Let the session we are entering upon, as it promises to be one of unusual interest, be also the most energetic in the transaction of business, the most brilliant in debate, and the most effective in self-culture, in the history of the Society. Let us make our Society meetings a mental gymnasium, where with gloved hands and kindly hearts we may deal and repel thrusts and blows and learn the art of peaceful war.

THE MEDICAL RE-UNION.

THE great social event in the life of the medical students, for this session, has come and gone. And a great social event it was. The college was richly decorated with evergreens and bunting. On the stairway were placed two grinning skeletons dressed in tologanung costumes and beautifully decorated with the college colours. They seemed to smile a welcome on the shuddering fair ones as they passed on.

The chair was taken by Edward McGrath, the senior man of the college.

At 8 o'clock the proceedings were opened with an overture by the college orchestra. Dr. K. N. Fenwick, in a few well-chosen words, then welcomed the guests in the name of the faculty and students of the college. And now the audience became hushed into silence to hear Miss Burdette sing "The Best of All." And it was the best of all, not only the best of the evening, but it is very questionable if a richer, sweeter, or better cultivated voice has ever been heard in this city. Her execution was brilliant, her pronunciation faultless, her manner unassuming but winning. On each occasion she was compelled to respond to an encore.

The selections by the college octette club were of such a high order as to call for encores.

Miss Smart, of Brockville, sang very sweetly, and her rendering of the old masters was very effective and elicited much admiration.

In our list of vocalists Miss Koyle, of Brockville, holds a deservedly high place. She possesses a voice of remarkable compass and great richness of tone.

These ladies sang duets with a correctness which can only be acquired by faithful training.

"A modern consultation" by Messrs. Koyle and Lavell elicited great applause, and brought to a close the first part of the programme.

Between these pieces addresses were given by the repre-

sentatives from the medical schools in Montreal and Toronto.

Prof. Carey's orchestra took possession of the platform, and the lovers of dancing took possession of the floor. Those who did not wish to dance were entertained in other parts of the building. In the history class room Dr. Henderson illustrated the brain by means of a scioticon, while Drs. Clarke and Simpson gave interesting lectures in the physics class-room. Others betook themselves to the refreshment room and discussed the good things that were to be found there.

About 11 o'clock the second part of the programme was resumed. On its conclusion dancing again occupied the attention of the guests, and was continued until about two o'clock, when the company betook themselves homeward full of praise for the able manner in which the medical students conducted their annual reunion.

THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

GREAT was the energy and enthusiasm manifested by the students of Queen's University who gathered last evening in Convocation Hall for the purpose of furthering the cause of their beloved Alma Mater.

At the appointed time J. C. Connell, M.A., president of the Alma Mater Society, took the chair and called the meeting to order. He explained concisely the object of the meeting. Funds were yet wanting to complete the endowment scheme, and the illness of the Principal prevented his further action for the present. As a proof that the students could render valuable services Mr. Connell cited the success of Mr. McFarlane, who in the town of Dundas, had secured already \$1,300. Mr. W. A. Findlay gave the meeting some valuable information regarding the mode of procedure, setting forth the fact that every subscriber to the extent of \$100 had the privilege of sending one student to the university free of all college fees. Mr. E. H. Horsey thought the boys should be up and doing. The man who would not now put forth an extra effort was no worthy son of his Alma Mater. And now was exhibited that devotion, loyalty and self-sacrifice which has always characterized the sons of Queen's. It brought out the force of Prof. Watson's address: "There is some peculiar fascination in Queen's University. I have somewhere read of a wonderful magnetic mountain which had the power of attracting to it all the metal that came within its reach. Such a magnetic power Queen's seems to exert over all who come within the range of her influence." Mr. Morlen suggested that an example should be set by the students within the University. With a noble resolve they entered into the scheme determined that "if it failed the responsibility would not be on those who do their duty." One by one they marched up to the table and though the students of Queen's are not the wealthiest in the land yet when the meeting closed the magnificent sum of \$3,200 had been subscribed.

✻EXCHANGES.✻

WE often regret that College journals contain so little matter of a literary character. In looking over one of our exchanges—*The Lehigh Barr*—we find that too much prominence is given to athletics, and not enough to literature. We are quite ready to acknowledge the importance of this branch of our education as University students; but we expect a College paper to give some evidence that unsecular activity is not unattended by that calm and philosophic reflection on matters which belong to the mental life of the scholar. We do not pass this judgment on our contemporary from a desire to find fault, but offer it rather as a suggestion. It is remarkable, however, to find the papers of many Colleges of great name devoid, or nearly so, of literary tone, in so far as any rate as consensus contributions from the students themselves. Some contain feeble attempts at literary production, but very often these are more distinguished by what we may call "gush" than that critical discrimination which is so much the more desirable. The cause of the evil we suppose to be that students have not become sufficiently matured by reflecting on the masterpieces of literature, or are too blind in their devotion to traditional decisions.

One article in particular, in the *Presbyterian College Journal*, of Montreal, we have read with great pleasure. Its author is the Principal of that Institution. He warns us of the many signs of national degeneracy of which we would do well to take timely heed. We do not sympathize with the reverend gentleman's views on many questions, but we would feign acknowledge the respect we have for the admonition given in his article.

It is, indeed, a serious fact that parents are far too lax in the discipline of their children. Some in this country may adopt an extreme degree of severity in the training of the youth; but they are few. Judicious training is what we need, not indiscriminate meddling with a child's individuality. Why should parents in this country object to hear their children's faults mentioned, when considerably done? Reverence for religious instruction is highly desirable. We do not profess perfect accord with many of the accepted theories of the Christian pulpit; but, notwithstanding, we recognize the importance of paying due respect to that great factor in our national life—the development of the religious element in man.

The reverend Principal of the Presbyterian College of Montreal, we imagine, is somewhat extreme in some of his views. We are not quite convinced that all the forms of apparent desecration of the Sabbath are real evils. Yet these are nice points. The danger nowadays, we believe, to be in the revolutionary tendencies common especially among the uneducated. Destitute of mental discipline they too often rush into extreme licentiousness. This is the more to be guarded against on account of the growth of democratic sentiment. This is

surely the time not to fan the flame of change, but to preach a rational conservatism, in matters both of church and state. The apostles of change are generally enthusiasts, who foolishly think they can construct an ideal state of society by obliterating all previous landmarks. This feeling of unrest is sadly common in the church. The poorly educated part of the community assume the office of judges of their religious teachers with a boldness that is deplorable. The cause of this is the undue development of certain theological dogmas instead of a harmonizing of the whole. Democracy may have its glories and its excellencies; let us not forget that it has its dangers as well.

Society is too boastful and given to empty parade. Why do not men, strong in their self-consciousness of worth, if they have any, refrain from such an extreme of pomp? We fear an undue craving for glorification by others lies at the root of this evil. Let us cease then to be perpetually playing the actor to win the praise of others, and give earnest heed to the still small voice which is in every man.

Several other exchanges are to hand, which we have not space to notice. We are pleased, however, by their arrival, but especially of those which are from institutions in our own land, and which are the exponents of the educational thought of our common country.

PERSONAL.

LOST, stolen, or strayed: Messrs. Lett, '88, Watson, '89, and Fulford, '90.

J. S. Skinner, B.A. '83; is enjoying a pleasant trip through Europe.

James Hales, '88, has been wielding the rod in Newboro public school, but will return to Queen's in January.

A. K. H. McFarlane, '88, has gone to his home in Dundas. He, however, will turn up for the finals next spring.

W. D. Neish, M.D., who graduated from the Royal last spring, is working for further honors in Edinburgh University. We wonder if he ever gives them the "Singin' Schewl."

Drs. H. Cunningham, '85, and J. V. Anglin, '87, returned a short time ago from the Old Country, where they have been visiting the hospitals and hunting around for more degrees.

Rev. Allen McCrossie, B.D., is looking after the spiritual welfare of the Methodists at Corunna, N.Y., having graduated with honors from Drew Theological Seminary.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

WHEN going home the other evening from the entertainment by the Foreign Mission Band, an old lady was heard to remark to a young lady companion, "Only think, one missionary for 1,000 cannibals!" The young lady replied, "Mercy! they must have terrible light appetites or be awful big missionaries."

We are fortunate in securing the latest peroration of our Soph. orator. It was delivered in a closely packed room. The windows were open, but owing to the thickness of the atmosphere very little of it escaped. We can therefore, give it in full:

"Gentlemen, I rise before you this evening because in the first place I preclude all possibility of my rising behind you. That would be an act unworthy of me, unworthy of you. My great father Cicero would have recoiled from the outrage of rising behind an audience of Roman citizens; and shall I my fellow students, fired with the same zeal, inspired by the same nobility of soul and breathing forth an eloquence that will one day bring me the glory my father won, shall I, let me ask again, depart from the path of honor and duty whither I have been led these many years by the spirit of an invisible inspiration?"

"I rise before you in the second place to proclaim what must have utterance or my heart will burst. Gentlemen, we are a noble order. Dear are the memories of our College days! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight of our lives we will recall the sunny hours of the morning. Then you will remember me. My fame shall rise on the harp; my soul shall ride on the wings of the wind; the music of my eloquence shall be heard through the sighs of the storm, and the hills shall clap their hands and rejoice. I shall be seen, gentlemen, striding the arch of the rainbow and smiling through the furs of the storm!"

Cheeky Soph.—"Professor, aren't you a little confused over the Athenians and Spartans?"

Prof.—"I beg your pardon, Mr. S. I shall certainly look it up."

Soph.—"Yes, it would be better for both parties. I don't like to correct you before the class."

Scene during the procession.

Timmerman—"Stand back or I shoot you dead as you toot nail."

Our Bard (waving a pennant pole in the air.)—

"I smile at swords, and weapons laugh to scorn,

Brandished by man that's of a woman born."

"Let us form another procession, boys, and if some little fellow will take the lead I will be near enough somewhere to give the alarm if any danger occurs."

A student reciting: "One of the phases of imagination is modification. Thus we can imagine the body of a horse with the head of a man. This would be called a centipede."

Young man review your mythology.

Prof.—"Mr. H., if you heat a glabrous salt what takes place?"

Mr. H.—"It cools."

VELLOCUTION.

Not long ago a few of the boys were coursing in the Reading room about the Alma Mater elections and sundry other topics, when they were suddenly startled and horrified to hear a long low cry as if one in anguish or terror. In a moment all talk ceased, and with anxious faces the boys looked at one another. As they listened intently their ears again caught the mysterious moan, and with one accord they all rushed from the room and endeavored to find their way to the scene of distress. At length they stopped before a class room door; a wild shriek came from within, the door opened and the boys fled. It was the elocution class practising the various modulations of the voice.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

"My broken heart, my withered frame,
Bespeak my love for Liddle's Lane."

—Holderoft.

"I am decidedly fond of Caesar, but don't you think he's a little too personal? His remarks on Gaul were very ungentlemanly."—Struay R.

"How say you! We have slept T. T.
My beard has grown into my lap."

—R. C. H. S.

"George Elliott tells a good yarn, but he can't sling it off like the fellow that wrote "Overland Kit."—Percival.

"Sanctum from the Latin sanctus, sacred; but the old meaning has been lost, and it now refers to a place where students may retire between classes for meditation."—C. B.

Sanctus, sacred! Humph! Absurd! Choidish! Perfectly redeeculous! Why it's the old Etruscan word for a 'lone hand!'—E. P.

"No more gas, boys, if Mr. S. conducts the defence."—John.

"I think I should get a premium for coming to K.; I save the city at least one electric light.—Dick."

"Well, sir, Scotty and Jimmy have great heads onto them."

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